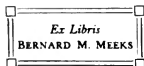
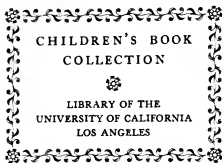
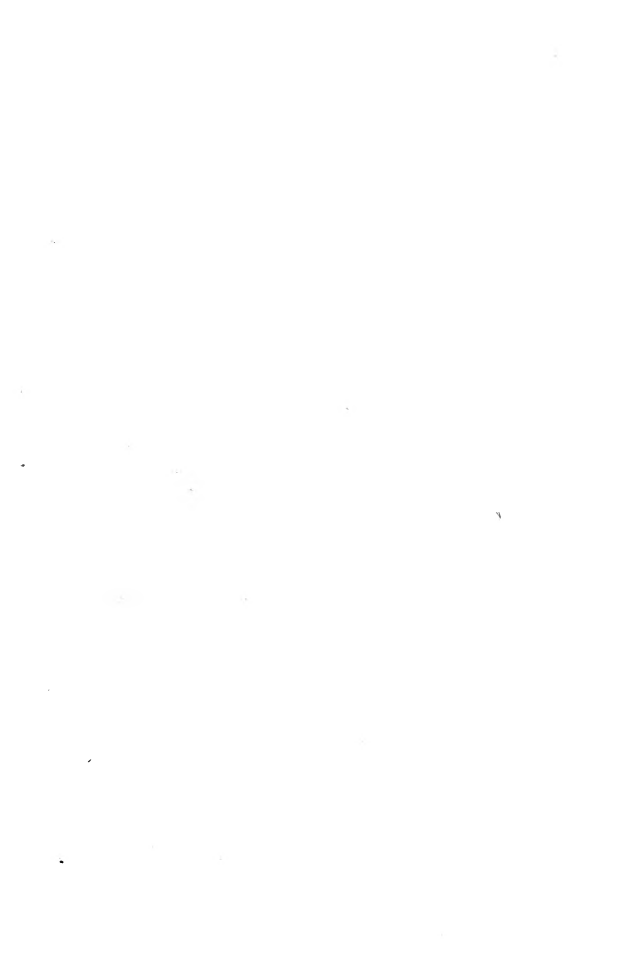


THE TOMB OF A TURK
1532
**TRADITIONAL
FAERY TALES**
1882
D. S. C. GUNWILL

2 rob. plain & covered









KNOCKING AT HER GRANDMOTHER'S DOOR.

The Home Treasury.



The Traditional Faëry Tales of
Little Red Riding Hood
Beauty and the Beast &
Jack and the Bean Stalk.

Illustrated by
Eminent Modern Artists, & Edited
By FELIX SUMMERLY.



LONDON:

Joseph Cundall, Old Bond Street. 1845.





Little Red Riding Hood.





PREFACE.

WITH which of the northern nations of Europe, Saxons, Franks, Northmen or Normen, the Traditionary Tale of Little Red Riding Hood originated, I have not been able to ascertain. As far as I can learn, the earliest publication of the tale was made by Charles Perrault, a member of the French Academy, and a celebrated literateur of his day. He published this, with some other like fictions in the year 1697, under his son's name of Perrault d'Armancour. The title was "Le Petit Chaperon Rouge." From this

period there have been countless successive republications. A French edition of Perrault's Tales of the date of 1698 is in the British Museum, which has the double title of "Contes de ma Mère L'Oye," and "Histoires ou Contes du Temps passé." When the earliest version appeared in English I know not; and I should be happy to receive any communications on the subject. I have before me not less than five *penny* editions of a very primitive sort, printed almost on brown paper; with wood cuts that might be taken as blocks belonging to Pfister of the fifteenth century, or any other early wood engravings. The books are without date: but do not look more than fifty years old.





LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

IN a little thatched cottage near the forest in Hampshire, which is called the “New Forest,” there lived a hard working, industrious couple. The husband was a faggot maker, and the wife used to spend all her spare time from her household duties in spinning thread, for these good people lived a great many years ago when there were no large towns in which thread was made by steam engines.

The cottager and his wife had only one child, a little daughter, who at the time of this story, was about eight years old.

She was a handy little maid, and it was her wish to do every thing she could to assist her mother. She was an early riser, getting up as soon as the sun began to shine, in order to make use of the whole daylight for her work, as the family were obliged to put out their lights when they heard the curfew bell toll. She helped her mother in getting ready her father's breakfast before he went to his work. After breakfast she was busy in putting every thing tidy and orderly in the house. She would then go on short errands for her mother; sometimes to take her father his meals to him in the forest, when he was too busy to come home; sometimes to inquire after the health of a sick neighbour: sometimes to see her good old grandmother, who lived three miles off near another part of the forest.

When she had done all her errands and

whatever else her mother wished, she would then try and learn to spin, and to mend and darn her father's clothes. When she had time to spare she attended to her garden, out of which she often gathered a few herbs to present to her father for his supper, when he came home from his work hungry and tired. At other times, she was at work making little presents for her playfellows, for she was a kind and thoughtful child. She was always light-hearted and happy, and thoroughly enjoyed a good hearty game of play. All her young friends were very fond of her, and were eager to do any thing to please her.

It was the child's great delight to be useful and helpful to her parents, who were very fond of her ; not because she was so useful to them, but because she was generally so very good and obedient. Her parents dearly loved her, and so did all her friends and

acquaintances, and no one better than her dear old grandmother.

Her grandmother, who was old, had herself made for her a little red hood, such as was then worn in riding, which she gave to her as a present on her birth-day, when she was eight years old. It was a nice comfortable little hood, and so warm and pleasant to wear, that the little girl never went out without her red hood, when the weather was wet or cold.

The little red hood always looked so bright and smart among the green trees, that it could always be seen a long way off. When the neighbours used to spy out the red hood far off among the trees, they would say to one another, "Here comes Little Red Riding Hood," and this was said so often, that at last, the little girl got the name of "Little Red Riding Hood," and she was seldom called by any other name. Indeed, I have never



SAYING HER PRAYERS.

been able to learn what her other name was. But every body knew of her by this name ; and so by the name of “ Little Red Riding Hood ” we too will call her.

Her grandmother did many other and better things for her grandchild than making her a “ hood.” She taught her how to knit, to spin, to bake bread, and to make butter—how to sing, so that she might join in the music in the Church—how to be good natured, and kind, and charitable—how to be courageous and honest, and to speak the truth at all times—how to be grateful—how to love and worship God—and to pray for God’s blessing and providence.

This good woman fell sick, and as she had no one to sit with her and attend to her, Little Red Riding Hood, was sent to her every day for this purpose by her mother.

At last the grandmother seemed to be get-

ting well, owing, I have no doubt, to the patient nursing of her good grandchild. Still she was very weak. It was in the Autumn of the year, when honey is taken from the hives of the bees.

This year, Little Red Riding Hood's bees had made some delicious honey, and as soon as it was put into pots, her first thought was to take some to her grandmother. Having got up very early one morning she said to her mother,

“ Pray, dear mother, let me take a pot of honey to grandmother this morning.”

“ So you shall,” answered the mother, “ and also a nice pat of fresh butter. Put on your little red hood, and get a clean cloth for the butter, and your little basket ready.”

Little Red Riding Hood was full of glee at the thoughts of going, and was ready

dressed in a few minutes, with the pot of honey and pat of butter nicely packed in the basket. She did not stay for her breakfast, but started at once, intending to breakfast with her grandmother.

The morning was beautifully bright. The sun had just risen, making the dew drops on the trees glitter and sparkle like gold; and the gossamer swung from the boughs like webs of silver. The skylarks were cherrupping over her head. The air was filled with the fragrance of the wild thyme as it crunched beneath her tread. She tripped along with a heart full of joy, not thinking of the weight of her basket, which was rather heavy for such a little girl.

When she came to a part of the forest which was rather dark and overshadowed with the trees, a very large wolf suddenly stepped out.

Little Red Riding Hood was startled, but continued to walk on quickly. The wolf followed her and overtook her.

Upon coming up to her he grinned maliciously, his evil eye stared. He showed his sharp white teeth and looked most cruel and frightful. He looked as if he would eat her up. The little girl began, as you may suppose, to be frightened.

Hark! what are those sounds? It is the whistle and singing of some of the faggot makers going to their work.

How different the wolf looks now! how demure! he hides his teeth! walks gently along and seems quite another animal. The wolf, who was as cunning as he was cruel, hearing that people were near, at once changed his savage look into one of as much kindness as it was possible for him to do. Presently up came the faggot makers; and the wolf



MEETING THE WOLF.

slunk by the side of the little girl as though he were afraid of them.

“ Good morning, Little Red Riding Hood,” said one of the faggot makers.

“ You are up betimes. Where are you going thus early?”

“ To see grandmother,” replied Little Red Riding Hood.

The wolf actually came close to the child’s side, and rubbed his head against her hand as though he was very fond of her and knew her.

“ Why here’s a wolf!” exclaimed one of the men.

“ As I am alive,” cried another, “ I think it must be the very wolf that stole my sheep the other night.”

“ No, upon the honour of a wolf,” said the treacherous knave very quickly ; which was a falsehood, for he *had* stolen the man’s sheep.

“Come, let us kill him,” they all exclaimed.

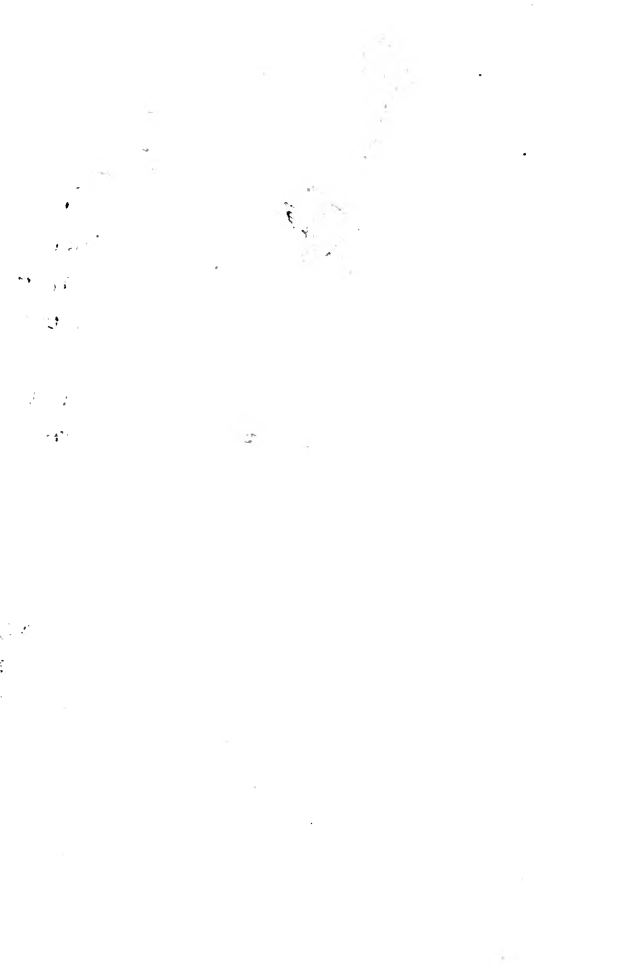
“No, no, don’t kill him,” said Little Red Riding Hood. “Perhaps he is innocent—and I don’t think he can be so very savage, for he did not touch me before you came up.”

“Well, well, child, we’ll let him go this once for your sake,” said they, “but we advise him to be on his good behaviour.”

So they wished the child “good morning,” and went away.

As soon as they were gone the wolf put his paw to his heart, and said, “Many thanks, dear little friend. I am very grateful to you for your protection of me, and I will not fail to remember it. I wish you a very good morning.”

So he pretended to walk off, when suddenly, however, he returned, and he said in a soft





SO SHE WENT TO THE BEDSIDE.

bland tone. "I think you said you were going to see your grandmother—Where does the dear creature live?"

"In a little cottage which is covered with woodbine and jessamine, not far from Copt-hurst Gate," answered Little Red Riding Hood.

"How do you get in?" said the wolf.

"I, tapping at the door, and Granny, if she is at home, will tell you to pull the latch, and the door will open."

"Good bye, good bye," said the wolf eagerly, and ran off into the forest.

As soon as he was gone, Little Red Riding Hood began to pick some sweet purple and white violets for a nosegay for her grandmother, when she thought to herself, "I wonder why the wolf asked me any questions about Granny? Being a stranger, I think I ought not to have told him." And she began

to be afraid of the wolf's mischief. Indeed, it was a fault of Little Red Riding Hood that she was sometimes too fond of talking: and when she thought upon this matter, more and more she felt that she had done wrong in telling the wolf anything. The best thing she could do, she said, will be to hasten onwards as quickly as possible.

The wolf, when he left her, darted through the forest, bounding over the furze and brambles, and ran as hard as he could until he reached the house of the grandmother. He tapped at the door, and the grandmother, who was in bed, called to him to come in, not knowing it was a wolf. The sly wolf said,

“Are you alone, madam?”

“Yes, quite alone,” was the answer.

So he rushed in and flew upon the bed, tore the grandmother out of it, and ate her up in a few minutes.

When he had finished his meal, he thought to himself, “ Little Red Riding Hood will soon be here, and she will make a most delicious feast. But I must hide myself from her until she is fairly inside of the cottage.” He then went to the press in the room, and took out one of the grandmother’s night gowns and night caps, and put them on as quickly as he possibly could, and jumped into the bed.

Presently the garden gate was opened, and there came a little quick footstep across the pebbled walk leading to the cottage door, and then a gentle tap, tap, tap, at the door.

It was Little Red Riding Hood. She listened, but heard no answer. Her hand went tap, tap, tap, against the door a second time.

“ Who’s there ?” said the wolf, trying to speak like the grandmother.

“ Only Little Red Riding Hood.”

“ Pull down the latch, and come in, my child.”

So Little Red Riding Hood entered, but it struck her ear, that her Grandmother's voice was very hoarse this morning. As she entered, she said,

“ I am afraid, dearest granny, that your cold is worse this morning.”

“ Much worse, dear,” said the wolf very gruffly under the bed clothes.

“ I have brought you a pot of my virgin honey, which will do your cold good ; and mother has sent you a little pat of fresh butter, some of the first we have had made from our new cow's milk.”

“ Put the things down, child, and come into bed to me, for I have been wretchedly cold all night.”

Little Red Riding Hood thought it rather strange that her grandmother should tell her

to come *into* bed, instead of sitting by the side of the bed as she had been used to do. So she went to the bed side, and gently pulling aside the curtain saw a head, which though in her grandmother's night cap, did not altogether seem like that of her grandmother's. She thought it was something like the wolf's head—Could it be the wolf? she asked herself. Poor thing! she could hardly help screaming out for fright, but she stopped herself, and said, "Granny, what large ears you have!"

A gruff voice said, "The better to hear with, my dear."

It did not sound like the grandmother's voice, so she said faintly, "Granny, what large eyes you have!"

"The better to see you with, my dear."

Her voice faltered still more, and she said, "Granny, what a large nose you have!"

“ The better to smell with, my dear.”

Little Red Riding Hood felt almost sure it was the wolf. Her tongue could hardly speak. She trembled from head to foot—at last she muttered in a whisper, “ Granny, what large teeth you have !”

“ The better to eat you up.”

And saying this, the wolf sprang out of the bed, and in an instant devoured Little Red Riding Hood.

This is the traditional ending of the Tale—but it is a grievous one, which most children dislike.—And as I have heard a version related, in which poetical justice is done to the wolf, I insert it for those who prefer it :

He seized Little Red Riding Hood, and she screamed. Suddenly a loud rap was heard at the door. Again she screamed—and in rushed her father and some other faggot makers, who, seeing the wolf, killed him at once, and released Little Red Riding Hood.

These were the faggot makers she had met in the wood. They, thinking she was not quite safe with a wolf, went and told her father, and they all followed her to her grandmother's house and thus saved her life.

THE END.



C. WHITTINGHAM, CHISWICK.




Beauty and the Beast.





PREFACE.

ERSIONS of this tale under very different shapes are met with throughout all Europe. Sweden, Italy, France, Germany, have all their 'Beauties and Beasts.' In the German popular stories translated from Grimm, "Beauty and the Beast" is the "Lady and the Lion," obtained partly from Hesse, and partly from the Schwalmgegend (see German popular Stories, translated from the *Kinder und Haus-Märchen* collected by M. M. Grimm. London. Vol. I. p. 153, and note p. 232).

Every age modifies the traditions it receives from its predecessor, and hands them down to succeeding ages in an altered form, rarely with advantage

to the traditions themselves. The modern English versions of *Beauty and the Beast*, adapted “to the manners of the present period,” are filled with moralizings on education, marriage, &c.; futile attempts to grind every thing as much as possible into dull logical probability ; and the main incidents of the tale are buried among tedious details of *Beauty’s* sisters and their husbands. I have thought it no sin to get rid of all this, without regard to *Mrs. Affable*, and to attempt to re-write the legend more as a fairy tale than a lecture.





"The Beast had disappeared and she saw at her feet
"one of the loveliest princes that eye had ever beheld".



BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

BEAUTY" was the youngest of the three daughters of a Merchant. She had been called "Beauty" from her birth, on account of her surpassing loveliness. Her features were not only handsome in themselves, but they were rendered still more so by the charming modesty, kindness, and frankness which were always beaming in her face. She was beloved by all who were able to value her merits, and was most dear to her father, who had lost his wife, for she was his chief and best companion. Her two sisters were also beautiful in their forms, but their minds were wicked and corrupt. As long as their speech was not heard and their manners

not known, they appeared to be handsome, but their beauty seemed to vanish after a little acquaintance with them. They were vain, haughty, and untruthful. The Merchant was once very rich. He was the owner of a large fleet of ships which used to sail all over the world, carrying from one port to another the goods which each nation wanted. His vessels went to India for silk, to South America for gold, to England for iron and tin, to Russia for tallow, and so on. Sometimes all his ships would meet together in one port in order to exchange their various cargoes. It so happened, that when they were all assembled for this purpose in the Persian Gulf, a most frightful storm arose, and the whole of the merchant's fleet was lost. Some of the ships sunk at once to the bottom of the sea; others were blown by the wind upon rocks, and dashed to pieces by the mad waves. In a single night, the Merchant was reduced from riches to poverty. In the midst of one of the most splendid feasts with which the Merchant had ever delighted his friends, a breathless courier rushed among the glittering throng and announced the sad disaster of

the loss of his ships. The poor Merchant was ruined !

Not in a noble palace, but in a small mean cottage now lives the Merchant. He is not attended by troops of servants as formerly, yet he is not wholly neglected, for Beauty watches and supplies all the wants of her still dearest father. This sweet creature soon forgot her grief at the change of fortune. The loss of jewels and fine clothes caused her no pain. She found it quite as easy to be happy without luxuries as with them. Her goodness and lively kindness seemed even greater than before. Beauty's happy contentment did not overtake her sisters ; they pined sullenly at their altered state, despised their mean clothing, refused to help in the necessary work of the house, leaving all the drudgery to their over kind sister, and even reproached their own father for their misfortune. They were truly miserable. Their unhappy minds affected their looks ; and whilst their handsomely formed foreheads gradually became wrinkled with frowns, their well turned mouths contracted with peevishness. In short, their beauty passed away,

and positive ugliness took its place. Beauty's looks were not only preserved by her cheerfulness, but they became even more lovely.

Beauty had always doted on flowers; when she came to the cottage she became her own gardener, and the bouquets with which she enlivened her little sitting room, were not less fragrant in perfume, or less brilliant in colour, than the rare flowers which had been supplied to her when she was rich. Her garden was a pattern of neatness and tasteful arrangement; and as there was no gardener to trim the box trees into the shapes of peacocks and griffins, as heretofore, her good taste suffered them to grow in their natural forms.

All sorts of flowers bloomed in her garden except roses; and strange to say, though she often attempted to cultivate them, and planted them without number, they always vanished the night after they had been brought into the garden. At first it was thought that the garden had been robbed, and a watch was set to detect the supposed robbers. The roses vanished, but no robber was found, and and not even the print of a footstep could ever be

seen on the flower-bed. Beauty wondered at the mysterious disappearance of the roses, whilst her sisters laughed her to scorn, and even accused her of carrying them away in trickery. Beauty at last got tired of losing her roses, and gave up planting them.

After the Merchant and his daughters had lived in the cottage for about twelve months, good news was brought to him of the safe arrival in a distant port of one of his most precious cargoes, which had been thought to have been lost when the great shipwreck of his vessels happened. It was necessary that the Merchant should go to the port in order to claim his ship, and he resolved to start out the next day for that purpose. He called his three daughters together to tell them of the news; the two eldest were quite overcome with joy, at the prospects of better fortune, but Beauty, though she was glad for her father's sake that he was richer, remained silent. She had become so contented with her present state that she did not welcome another change.

“Tell me, daughters,” said the Merchant, “what

presents shall your father bring for you on his return from his journey."

"Bring me," said the eldest, "jewels rich and rare; a watch encircled with diamonds, which plays the most seraphic music; a girdle of the purest crystals, bracelets studded with the most precious cameos, and a chaplet of rubies; you may also bring any pearls of the size of walnuts, if you meet with them, and—

"Hold, sister," said the second, "you will ruin our father before it comes to my turn. My wishes are not so extravagant;—I will only ask for a few of the most splendid Persian turbans, two or three dresses of the richest point lace, a variety of Cachmere shawls, and a tortoiseshell cabinet inlaid with gold, to hold them all. She paused, as though she were thinking to add something else, when the Merchant turned to Beauty and said, "Well, Beauty, and what shall your present be?"

"I wish for nothing, Father, but your safe return."

"Nay, child, you must make a request."

"Well then, dearest Father, as roses wont grow

in my garden, bring me a rose, if it comes in your way."

The sisters laughed outright with disdain at her modest request.

On the morrow, the Merchant started on his journey. Beauty was in tears at his departure. Not so her sisters, who could not suppress their joy at the prospects of their new finery, and seemed to care but little for their father's absence.

The Merchant arrived in safety at the port, and found his vessel more richly freighted than he had looked for. He arranged all his business to his mind, and made the purchases, extravagant as they were, which his eldest daughters had requested. He mounted his Arab steed, and commenced his journey homeward. Towards evening, he reached a forest of pines and cedars through which lay his way. The horse took the beaten path. The evening was most sultry and oppressive. The sun descended below the horizon, leaving his mantle of the intensest crimson, fringed with golden brilliancy, behind. The stillness was quite painful. The Merchant was so wrapt up with his thoughts of

home, that he forgot to guide his horse, and left him to take his own way. The animal's noiseless tread as his hoofs sunk into the fibrous ground, did not awaken the merchant from his trance. The scene grew gloomy. Presently thunder sounded as if booming in the distance. Leaden looking clouds, folded one on another, covered the amber tinted sky, and large drops of rain fell upon the Merchant before he was roused from his own thoughts. He looked about him, and instantly saw that he had lost his road. Should he go on, or turn back? should he turn to the right or to the left? he asked himself. On all sides the forest seemed equally dark and impenetrable. Up came the distant thunder, roaring—crash! crash! as if the heavens were split. Long streams of lightning flooded the forest with lurid light, revealing the huge copper-coloured arms of the cedar trees, on which their dark foliage swayed to and fro like black plumes. Then came thick darkness again, and cataracts of rain poured down. The horse was stupified with fear, the Merchant hardly less so.

During the lull of the storm a sweet sound was heard, as if it said—

On ! Merchant, on !
Thy journey's near done !

And at the instant a small blue light was seen through the trees. The Merchant took courage and clapped his spurs to his steed, urging him in the direction of the light. The horse plunged forward. The light expanded into a large soft flame, and then disappeared. In its place was seen the portal of a magnificent palace. A tablet above the entrance was inscribed in glittering letters,—

Enter without fear,
All are welcome here !

The Merchant read the inscription and pressed against the golden gates, which yielded to the softest touch and opened without noise. As he passed beneath the marble archway a long flourish of trumpets saluted his ear, but nobody was to be seen. He found himself in a spacious court yard,

on one side of which were the stables. The Merchant dismounted from his horse, which directly trotted off to the stable door, as though he knew the way. He followed the horse into the stable, and when he arrived he was greatly surprised to find him already cleaned and groomed, with a fine crimson horse-cloth thrown over him, and feeding off a trough full of oats and beans. Still no one was seen.

The Merchant quitted the stable, and proceeded across the court yard into a long vaulted passage which was brilliantly lighted. As he passed a door it sprang open into a bath room, in the centre of which a fountain played. The Merchant entered, and before a blazing fire of juniper wood and frankincense, which sweetly scented the room, dry and fine clothes were airing. He threw himself on a couch, wet and weary as he was, but hesitated to touch any thing, until he heard a voice gently saying,

You're a guest for the night,
And all that is right
Will appear to your sight
To be used without fright.

The Merchant stripped himself and entered the warm-bath, which was of rose-water. Upon quitting it, his wet clothes had vanished, and other dry garments supplied their place. From the bath-room he proceeded to the supper-room, and there found a delicious repast prepared, at which he made a most hearty meal. When he had satisfied himself with one dish, it was removed by some unseen hands, and another of a different kind was placed in its stead. Thus, venison gave way to roasted peacocks, peacocks to apricots swimming in iced sherbet, and so on; it is impossible now to tell you of all the dainties provided for the Merchant's supper. During its progress, his ears were filled with most exquisite music. When all was finished the Merchant departed for his sleeping apartment, where he also found every luxury prepared for his coming. Having offered up his grateful prayers, and especially for his deliverance during the storm, the Merchant retired to his bed, and instantly fell into a sweet and refreshing sleep.

The next morning was as bright and peaceful as the night before had been dark and turbulent. The

Merchant awoke quite refreshed from his fatigue. Every thing was ready for his toilet and his breakfast. After breakfast the Merchant walked in the gardens of the palace ; their size, variety, plantations, flowers, were such as he had never seen equalled. Shrubs and flowers which he had always thought most rare, in this garden appeared to grow almost wild. The flowers made him think of Beauty, and then of her request of a rose as a present. He searched for a rose tree, but could see none. Strange, thought he, that there should be no roses in such a garden ! He became quite fatigued with hunting for a rose tree ; at last, entering an arbour, he found some roses within it. The Merchant plucked a rose : suddenly a monster seized him. “Ungrateful wretch,” said the Beast, “is this the way you repay the kindness you have received ? You take refuge in my palace from the violence of the storm, you are treated with the best that I can bestow upon you, and in return you steal my roses ! Your life is forfeited for your baseness.”

The poor old man trembled beneath the grasp of



"The Merchant plucked a rose, suddenly a Monster
"seized him".

the monster. "My Lord!" he said falteringly, "My Lord—"

"Call me by no such title!" interrupted the monster, "Call me as I am—call me Beast!"

"Sir!"

"Did you hear me say call me Beast?"

"Pardon me, Beast, I knew not I was offending."

"Were the roses yours?" The Merchant gave no reply. "Why then did you pluck them?" Still no answer was returned.

"Answer me instantly!" said the Beast, with increased anger.

"I cannot!" replied the Merchant, for he did not wish to involve his daughter in his trouble.

"You cannot? you die this instant, unless you answer."

"Spare my answer, Beast, spare it, but take my life."

"It was your youngest daughter who asked for the rose! I see your astonishment, but I know all. Still, as you were too noble to tell, and were ready to suffer for her sake, I will spare your life for the

present. I will allow you to return home and take leave of your children, but you must return here in a week, or send some one in your stead. Take the rose and begone."

The Merchant stooped to pick up the rose, which had fallen from his hand in his fright, and when he turned to thank the Beast, the monster was nowhere to be seen. The fatal rose seemed at once to wither; the merchant put it into his bosom, and hastened through the gardens into the palace.

The breakfast had been removed, and other kinds of refreshment placed in its stead; but the Merchant had lost all hunger, and he proceeded at once to the stable, where he found his horse already saddled and bridled and restive to be gone. He mounted his steed, which dashed forthwith out of the stable towards the entrance gates. They sprang open at his approach, and when the Merchant had passed through, closed again with a loud clang. The horse flew through the forest, seeming scarcely to touch the ground with his hoofs, and continued going at the fastest rate until he was completely clear of the wood. In the evening the

Merchant, almost broken-hearted, reached his cottage.

Beauty was seated under the cottage porch, spinning; she appeared to be anxiously watching the horseman's approach. The instant she saw that it was her father, she sprung from her seat towards him, and in a few seconds the father and child were locked in each other's arms.

Beauty's face was radiant with joy; the father looked very sad. "Oh father!" exclaimed Beauty with fear and pity, "why that look? tell me, tell me what has happened."

"My poor child, thou art the innocent cause of my grief! Here, my child, take the rose you asked for, it will cost thy father his life!" The Merchant took the withered rose from his bosom, and placed it in Beauty's hand. Beauty took the flower, which began instantly to revive, but she fell fainting to the ground, so much was she terrified at her father's speech. The Merchant carried her into the cottage and related to her all that had occurred since his departure. As soon as the Merchant had finished his account, Beauty's face brightened, and she

said smilingly, "O father! you shall not return; it was for my sake that the misfortune happened, I alone will bear the punishment. Frightful as may be the monster, and terrible the death he may have in store, I will go." No entreaties of the father could alter her mind: her resolution was made. "Your life, dearest father, is more valuable than mine. If you were gone, who would support and protect my sisters?"

Whilst Beauty was sacrificing herself for the sake of her sisters, they entered, and seeing only Beauty, and her in tears, the eldest exclaimed, "What, crying again, you soft-hearted thing! You have done nothing but cry since our father left: you are miserable because you did not ask for more than a rose." "A rose, indeed!" said the other sister, "why here's a rose, what a magnificent flower! It is the largest rose I have seen! Tell me, minx, where did it come from?" Saying this, the sister seized the rose, which immediately withered again. The father raised himself from the couch he had thrown himself upon. The two daughters ran to him, and without greeting him, said eagerly,



The Descent .

“ Well father, where’s my watch ? my shawls ? my bracelets ? my cabinet ? ”

“ Pray, sisters, pray sisters,” interposed Beauty, “ do not trouble father now : he is full of grief.”

“ Grief ! Has he not brought our jewels or clothes ? ”

“ Oh yes, sisters, brought all, but still full of sorrow.”

“ How can he be sorrowful if he has brought our presents ? It is impossible ! ”

Beauty in the kindest manner, then told them about the disaster of the rose.

“ You wicked child,” they answered, “ to ask for a rose ! See what trouble you have brought us to : you might have caused us to lose our jewels and shawls ! the Beast would no doubt have taken them, had he known of them. What a risk for a trumpery rose ! Let us throw it in the fire for a punishment to you. They made an effort to seize the rose, but as they approached it, it glided away from them and took refuge with Beauty. Then the father interfered, and commanded his two eldest daughters to be silent,

and not again to mention the subject of the rose to Beauty.

The week had nearly passed, and Beauty was full of preparations for her departure. She went round to take leave of all her friends, leaving with each some little token of her love and kindness. She sought to turn away her sisters' unkindness, and offered them the choice of whatever she possessed. They, finding that she was really going, and believing that she would never return, pretended to be reconciled, and affected great grief; but in their hearts they were glad, for they were full of jealousy at her goodness and superiority over them. The morning for departure came: the Merchant insisted on accompanying his daughter and seeing her safely to the Monster's palace. They both mounted their horses and set off; as soon as they arrived at the cedar forest, the Merchant's horse darted into the midst of it as though he knew the right path, and Beauty's horse followed close to the other. Beauty thought she had never seen a wood so grand and yet so beautiful. The nightingales were singing with the wildest richness. Mournfully streamed

through the air their full long plaints, as if in unison with the melancholy of Beauty's forebodings ; and then their sadness broke abruptly into laughing, chattering jug, jug, turning their grief into joy, as if presaging happiness to Beauty at last. All kinds of perfume scented the air ; first came the soft rich scent of the cedars, then the pungent freshness of the citrons, then the verbena sent up its fragrance, as the hoofs of the horses crunched its leaves in passing. The nightingales' music was hushed, and the light seemed broken into millions of prismatic colours. A procession of innumerable insects formed before their horses' heads ; they were all marshalled in order. In the van came a troop of Dragon Flies ; then bands of thousands of little Gnats played the most martial airs on their tiny trumpets ; Bees followed, humming the richest harmonies ; afterwards came ranks of Butterflies, dressed in liveries of all the colours of the rainbow, sailing majestically along. And so this procession kept before their horses' heads until they reached the golden gates of the palace. The inscription,

“ Enter without fear,
All are welcome here ! ”

glittered more brilliantly than at the Merchant's first entrance; the gates instantly flew open. Beauty's horse placed itself at once near some steps of marble with golden rails, in order that Beauty might alight easily. Having done so, and her father being dismounted also, both horses ambled off to the stable. The Merchant and Beauty passed into the arcade; as before, the Merchant went to his bath, whilst two humming birds, bearing little torches of white light, flew before Beauty and lighted her to her apartment, and then flew away. Over the door was inscribed "BEAUTY'S APARTMENT." The door sprung open as she touched the enamelled handle. The room contained the choicest luxuries of all kinds; sofas, chairs, stools, and ottomans of all shapes, high seated, low seated, soft, hard, warm, cool. Patterns of the most symmetrical forms and beautiful colours were arranged in harmonious decorations on the ceiling and walls. The carpets were of the richest velvet, the hangings of satin powdered with golden stars, and the finest lace. In one recess of the room was a library; in another, all kinds of musical instruments; in another, cabi-

nets of prints ; in another, screens covered with the finest paintings ; in another, materials for needle work. Adjoining to this apartment were Beauty's dressing and bed rooms. She entered the former, where she found every article for her toilet prepared, and a display of numberless dresses of the utmost splendour and richness. Yet she lacked heart and courage to touch any thing, and sunk down listlessly into a chair. She raised her drooping eyes, and beheld a transparency at the end of the room thus inscribed :

“ Welcome, Beauty, banish fear,
You are Queen and mistress here !
Speak your wishes, speak your will,
Swift obedience meets them still.”

Having changed her dress, she went in search of her father, whom she met in the saloon, into which her own room opened. Here they found a magnificent feast prepared for them. No attendants waited, and every thing was brought and removed by invisible agency. During the repast, most delightful music was performed.

“ Certainly, father,” said Beauty, “ the Beast

must possess excellent taste, and if I am to be killed, he surely intends first to fatten me!"

A magic flute played a few bars of music, then a voice said,

" The Beast is near,
And asks leave to appear."

" How very thoughtful for a master in his own house to make such a request! I tremble at his coming," thought Beauty.

The Merchant then spoke, " Appear, Beast, if it be your pleasure."

A door sprung open at the further end of the saloon, and the Beast entered. He wore a large cloak, which concealed his form; his walk was erect and dignified. The room was so long that Beauty could not discover his features, but as he came nearer, his hideous appearance began to be seen. As the Beast approached, Beauty clung to her father's arm for protection. She could not help hiding her face from seeing the Beast. He saw and pitied her alarm, and at once spoke to the Merchant: " Merchant, you have well redeemed



"As the Beast approached, Beauty clung to her father's
"arms for protection ."

your word. If this be the daughter who has come in your stead, I trust, though absent from those she loves, that we shall find means to sooth her regrets, if not to make her time pass agreeably. Of my palace and all its contents she is the mistress."

The voice which uttered this speech was most musical, and the kind expression with which it was said, emboldened Beauty to look up. She gave a glance, but the exceeding ugliness of the Monster caused her again to close her eyes.

"I am sorry," said the Beast, "that I am not able to ask you, Merchant, to stay here as the guest of your daughter; on the morrow you must take leave of each other."

"Your kindness, Beast," answered the Merchant, "is already much more than we were entitled to expect, and makes us feel most grateful to you. We are prepared to submit to your will in all respects."

Making a low and graceful bow the Beast said, "Farewell!" and left the saloon. As soon as he had gone the music recommenced, and a concert

was performed, at the end of which the Merchant and his daughter retired for the night.

On the morrow the Merchant departed with great grief, and returned home.

At first Beauty felt inconsolable at being alone. But she reflected that there was no help for it, and as she was too wise to give way to her sorrow, she sought to banish it, and to find means of interesting herself in various occupations. Whatever she wished for, seemed to present itself at her command. There was the garden with all its wonderful beauties of flowers and shrubs. The lake, the fountains, the gold and silver fish, the aviary with the choicest of birds for song and plumage. The trees of the gardens were thronged too with birds. If she desired to sail on the water, she had only to step into a boat, its sails at once caught the breeze, and it glided noiselessly over the crystal clear waters. If she desired to ride, her own horse, richly caparisoned, left the stable and presented himself at the door. If she would drive out, a carriage with cream-coloured long-tailed ponies attended at the terrace steps. Within doors, too, there was every thing

.

desirable. A noble gallery was hung with the best pictures of ancient and modern painters. Another gallery was filled with sculpture. Her own room provided the most ample means for the study of books, the painting of pictures, the playing of music, the working of tapestry and all kinds of needle-work; yet the absence of any human being whatever made the solitude most painful. Long before the first day had passed, she had felt with all its force the solitude of the place. She quite welcomed the magic flute, and the sounds—

“ The Beast is near,
And asks leave to appear !”

and was really glad to answer, “ Appear, Beast !” She shuddered as he approached, but her fear wore off as the Beast stayed conversing with her. When the clock sounded ten he bid her a respectful “ Good night.” The next day she got more used to the place, and even looked out for the time when the magic flute should sound. When the Beast appeared this evening, she looked calmly at his ugliness. She was more than ever pleased with his conversa-

tion, which was delightfully witty, wise too, and gentle. Day after day thus passed, the Beast appearing every evening. His visit became the object of the day, and had he been uglier than he really was, I have no doubt Beauty would have ceased to regard it. Thus the time passed for more than half a year: when one evening, after Beauty and the Beast had been conversing most pleasantly, Beast stopped in his talk and took her hand. Beauty thrilled, but it was not with delight; he had never done so before. Beauty quietly withdrew her hand, at which the Beast sighed deeply, and suddenly he bid her ‘adieu!’ Some days after this, the Beast again took Beauty’s hand, and she suffered it to remain. The Beast then said, “Beauty, will you marry me?” “Impossible!” replied Beauty. The Beast groaned deeply, and left as if he felt the greatest grief. The next night no Beast appeared. Beauty listened anxiously for the sounds of the flute, but none were heard. The evening seemed to her the dullest which she had passed since her arrival in the palace. The next evening came, and still no Beast. “What can this mean?” thought she, “is

the Beast never to appear again? I would sooner have his presence with all his ugliness a thousand times more, than this constant absence." She had scarcely acknowledged the thought to herself, before the flute sounded and Beast entered. He looked melancholy and pensive, except when Beauty was talking to him. At the usual hour he departed. As he was leaving, Beauty said "I hope Beast, you will come to-morrow." "It is a great balm to my unhappiness, Beauty, to hear that my visit is not absolutely disagreeable to you." The Beast continued his evening visits as before, but he never again mentioned the subject of marriage, nor took Beauty's hand. He was as kind and agreeable as ever, but oftentimes Beauty thought he seemed very sad: she feared to ask him the cause. She asked herself over and over again, "Can I marry him?" and then the thoughts of his excessive hideousness rushed into her mind, and she reluctantly answered, "No."

In the midst of all this new life Beauty did not forget her own home, and often longed to hear how her father and her sisters fared. One day as she

was standing before a large mirror, she exclaimed, "Oh that I could see what my father is about." At that instant a reflection of her home appeared in the glass. In one room were her sisters trying on some new gowns. In another room lay her father on a bed of sickness, so feeble that he could scarce hold any thing. Beauty screamed, and nearly swooned away. At that instant, the magic flute sounded, though it was but noon, and the Beast came in. He found Beauty sobbing: he gently took her hand and said, "Beauty, what ails you, are you ill?" "No, Beast, no, but I have just seen the reflection of my old home in the mirror, and my father, I fear, is at the point of death."

"Then you wish to visit him."

"Oh yes, Beast, it would indeed be a great joy and comfort to do so; perhaps it may be the last time I shall ever see him alive."

"Take the rose which your father first gathered," said the Beast, "and as long as it is in your possession you have only to wish aloud and your wish will be gratified instantly."

“ Oh Beast ! believe me, I am most grateful for your great kindness.”

“ There is only one condition I have to make,” said the Beast, “ which is that you are not absent more than a week. Pray, Beauty, do not make your absence longer, even that time will appear like ages to me !”

“ You may rely on my return within the proper time. Farewell ! farewell !” Beauty extended her hand, and even shed tears at the thoughts of leaving the good Monster.

“ Adieu ! Beauty ! Adieu !” and the Beast took her hand and pressed it to his lips. He then left the room slowly and sorrowfully.

When the Beast had gone, Beauty took the rose and placed it in her bosom. She then said aloud “ I wish I were at home.” And saying this she placed her hand before her eyes to wipe away her tears ; she had scarcely removed her handkerchief when instead of being in her own apartment she found herself at the porch of her father’s cottage. She knocked gently, and the door was opened by

her eldest sister, who started at seeing her, and said—

“ Well, Beauty indeed ! who would have thought of seeing you ? we thought you were dead long enough ago, and perhaps eaten up by your Monster.”

Beauty threw herself on her sister's neck, and not heeding her unkind greeting, kissed her. “ How is my father ? is he alive ? ”

“ Alive ! yes and much better ! but no thanks to *your* nursing. We thought you had quite forgotten us.”

“ Never ! never ! sister, I came the instant I knew of our father's sickness.”

“ Well, well, go in and see him.”

Beauty found her father much better, and both were rejoiced to see each other again. Beauty's presence hastened the recovery of the old man, and she at once took upon herself the office of nurse, which her sisters willingly gave up to her. The Merchant became quite well before Beauty had been at home two days. He delighted in hearing all her news : she related to him and her sisters how she passed her time at the palace, and how

kind the Beast was to her. Her account of the palace and all its wonders made the sisters quite jealous and anxious to take Beauty's place. The eldest began to think how she could do so. She learned from Beauty the means by which she had come home, and how she still possessed the rose which ensured the fulfilment of all her desires. The eldest then basely attempted to rob Beauty of the rose; as Beauty slept, she took it from her bosom, and wished herself at the Beast's palace; but the instant she seized the rose, it withered at her touch, and instead of being transported to the Beast's palace, the wicked creature was carried plump down into the pigsty. She threw away the rose with horror, and roared out lustily until some one came to help her. The farming men took her out of the mire, and wondered very much how she got there, but not a word would she speak, and when she was brought into the cottage, she kept a rigid silence: all the questioning of her father and sisters could not induce her to tell what was the cause of her being found in the pigsty.

“This event happened towards the end of the

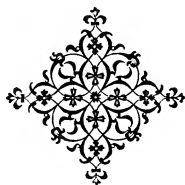
week when Beauty must depart. The next day was her last day, and she made preparations for leaving. She looked with pleasure at the prospect of seeing her kind friend the Beast again. She wished to give her sisters some presents before she left them, and sought for her rose to enable her to do so, when, lo ! it was gone. Beauty searched after it every where she could think of, but it was not to be found. She became alarmed, not so much because she was unable to make her sisters presents, as that she had lost her power of returning to the palace according to her promise. Her sister saw her grief, but had not the generosity to tell her that she had thrown the rose away. The last day of the week passed, the day after passed too, and still no rose was found. Beauty was inconsolable. More diligent search was made, and without success ; in despair Beauty bethought herself if it were possible that the affair of the pigsty could have any thing to do with the loss of the rose. As Beauty wandered disconsolate over the grounds she espied upon a heap of rubbish, the rose nearly withered. With feelings of the greatest joy she hastily seized



"Beauty felt his heart still beating".

it, and its faded flowers began to revive; she took farewell of her father and sisters directly, and wished herself back at the Beast's palace.

In an instant she was in her own room. As the evening drew near she anxiously looked for the Beast, but he came not. Weary she sat up all the long night, believing he certainly would come at last, but the sun rose in the morning and no Beast appeared. She was filled with alarm, jaded and worn out with anxiety and want of rest. She passed from one room of the palace to another, from terrace to garden, and from garden to grove, calling for the Beast, but found him not. In her despair she seized her rose and wished herself in the Beast's presence. Oh! horror! there he lay as if dead. Beauty felt his heart still beating. She flew to a pool for some water, the Beast uttered a groan, and looked up. His eye feebly opened, and seeing Beauty he said, "Beauty, why did you return only to see me die? I could not have believed you would have deceived me. It was impossible to survive your absence; but I am happy to see you once again before I die."





Jack and the Bean Stalk.







Jack's Triumph.



JACK AND THE BEANSTALK.

IN a small village, at some distance from London, lived a poor widow and her son, whose name was Jack. He was a bold, daring fellow, ready for any adventure which promised fun or amusement. He delighted in scrambling along the steepest and most inaccessible parts of the rocks and cliffs, in search of birds' eggs, or anything else which caught his fancy or his eye ; he cared not a rush for tumbles or disasters of any kind. He would climb to the top of one of the highest trees overhanging some steep precipice, and lying along the swinging branches, wave his hat above his head,

and scream with delight. All the boys in the neighbourhood acknowledged him as their leader in all feats of dexterity and daring. Many a time he got into sad disgrace for enticing them from their work to follow him over hill and dale, through brooks and hedges, in some wild freak or other.

But it was very idle of Jack to spend all his time in fun and frolic ; he would not work or do anything useful, by which he might assist his mother in earning money to buy them food and clothing. This was partly owing to the foolish manner in which his mother had brought him up, for she had not courage or good sense to make him do anything which was disagreeable to him : she was so foolishly fond of him, that she only thought of the present moment, and as she liked to see him look smiling and happy, she did not consider what would be the conse-

quence, when he became a man, of the idleness in which she now indulged him ; or how miserable and unhappy an idle, useless person always becomes.

As Jack grew older, and cost more money than he used to do when he was a little child, his mother became poorer every year, so that she was obliged to sell one piece of furniture after another, until she had little else remaining in her house except her bed, a table, and a couple of chairs.

She had a cow, of which she was very fond, and which, up to this time, had been their chief support. It supplied them with milk and butter, which she used to carry to market to sell, after setting aside a small quantity for their own use.

But now the time had arrived when she must part with that too ; and as, with tears in her eyes, she brought out the cow to feed it

for the last time, before Jack should drive it to market, she could not forbear reproaching him, and saying, “ Ah ! my child, if you had not been so idle, and had worked ever so little to help me, we need not have sold my poor Brindle. But now it must be sold. It is a great grief to me to part with her ; take her, Jack, and be sure, that you make the best bargain you can ; she is a famous cow, and ought to fetch us a good round sum.”

Jack, too, felt very sorry to part with poor Brindle ; so he walked along rather sadly for some time, driving the cow before him : by degrees he forgot his grief, and then began to whistle, and loiter to pick blackberries. On the road he met a butcher, who was carrying in his hat some things which Jack thought very pretty, and which he thought he should like to have to play with ; they were speckled, and Jack could not take his eyes off them.

The butcher, who was a bit of a rogue, saw how eagerly Jack eyed his Beans, and said, “Do you want to sell your cow, my fine fellow!”

“Yes,” answered Jack, “I do.”

“Well,” said the butcher, “I will buy her of you, if you like, which will save you the trouble of driving her any farther; and as you seem to have taken such a fancy to these Beans, I will give you the whole hat-full, in exchange for your cow.”

Jack was delighted, he seized the hat, and ran back to his mother. His mother had so constantly given him whatever he wished for, that he now always expected every whim to be gratified; and he had become so selfish that he thought of no one but himself. In this instance, he only thought of the pleasure of possessing the Beans, and never once thought of the distress his mother would feel

when he should return without the money which she so much needed. “What! back so soon, Jack!” said his mother to herself, when she saw him running towards her,—“then I guess you have had good luck;” and she called out as he came towards her, “What luck, Jack? what luck?”

Jack was too much out of breath to answer; but as he ran forward heedlessly, his foot slipped, and he fell at his mother’s feet, while the Beans rolled out of the hat, and covered the ground.

“Jack, Jack!” said his mother, “why are you so careless? Get up and give me the money;” and she held out her hand to assist him to rise: but Jack, without answering, turned over on his hands and knees, and began to pick up the Beans.

“What signify the Beans?” said his mother impatiently, “get up and give me the money.”

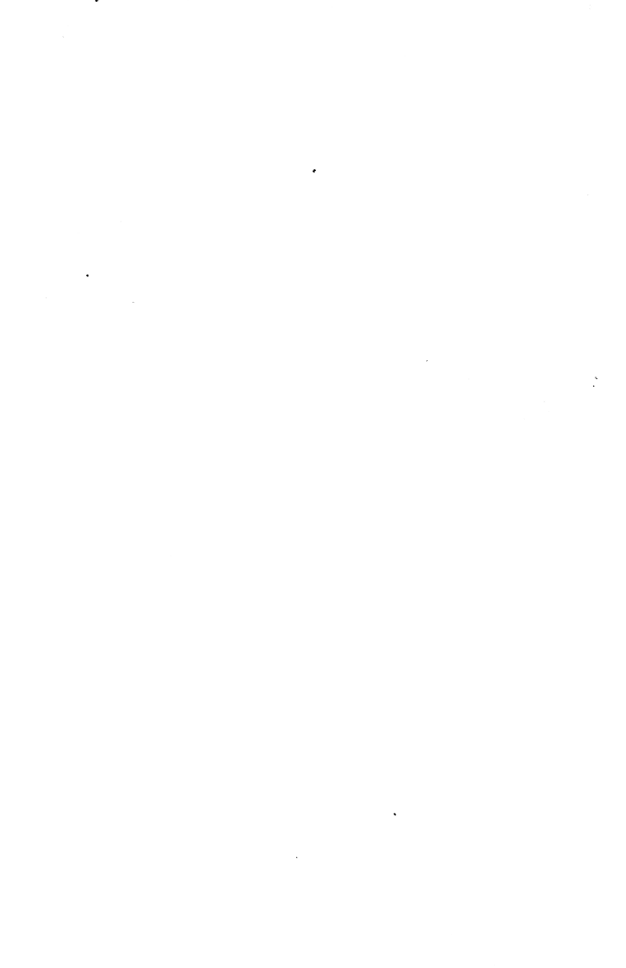
Jack's tumble had sobered him a little, and when he heard his mother ask for the money so impatiently, he felt afraid to speak, and the colour rose to his cheeks as he thought that perhaps his mother would not like his bargain; however, he soon shook off these thoughts, and called out in his usual reckless way, "It's of no use to fret, mother, but I haven't brought you any money."

"Not brought me any money!" said his mother distractedly, "why, Jack, you cannot mean it; then where is my cow?"

"Sold, mother; and see what I have got for it," and he offered the hat of Beans to his mother. His mother sobbed as if her heart would break; and saying, "Of what use are these foolish beans?" she opened the window, and threw them all out into the garden.

Jack burst into tears, and went to bed with a sad heart, feeling at last very sorry for his

folly, and wishing that he could do something to comfort his mother and earn some money for her. At last he fell asleep. When he awoke in the morning the room had an unusual look about it. He hardly knew if it was morning yet: some little random gleams of sunshine played upon the wall, though the room seemed generally shadowed. He sprang out of bed, and walked to the window, and found, to his great astonishment, that one of the Beans which his mother had thrown out into the garden, had taken root, and had grown up, up, up, until its top was quite lost in the clouds, and he could not see where it ended. The stalks were so closely entwined that he thought he could easily climb up, and he felt a very strong desire to do so, and to see what was at the top. He scrambled on his clothes, and was in such a hurry that he forgot to put his stockings on. He crept softly





The Ascent .

down stairs, in order that he should not disturb his mother so early, and he quietly lifted the latch of the cottage door.

The morning air was cool and fresh, and Jack felt full of spirits and eagerness to mount the Beanstalk. He put his foot on a branch and found that it would bear him—then he tried another—then another—“It will bear me, I find,” exclaimed Jack. “So here goes.” And he tore off his cloak and flung it down, lest it should be in his way.

Up! up! up! he goes, climbing as nimbly as a squirrel. He put forth all his strength, and got on famously. After some time he rested and looking down could only just see his mother’s cottage, but he could see the spires of many churches a long way off. Up! up! again he goes—the Beanstalk seemed to get steeper and steeper, yet he did not reach the top. Jack’s heart begins to beat more

quickly, and his breath gets shorter. His legs and arms tremble, and his foot often slips. Jack began to despair, and thought he could go no further ; but after resting for a short time he resolved not to lose his courage, so he again put forth his strength, and at last he reached the very top. He fell down on the ground quite exhausted. He lay in this state some minutes, when he raised himself to look about him. Every thing looked so dreary and gloomy that he became quite melancholy, and began to wish heartily that he was back again with his mother.

He was exceedingly hungry as well as fatigued. At last he fell asleep, and all at once, he seemed to be carried through the air, until he came to a beautiful garden, where he was placed on a bed of the softest moss ; he looked around in surprise, and began to wonder to whom this beautiful place

belonged, when hearing a rustling noise, he looked up, and beheld, floating in the air, a slight but beautiful creature, in robes of lily white, spangled with gold, which looked like glistening stars. A long train floated behind her, richly fringed with gold and pearls, and supported by two beautiful little cherubs : her golden pinions struck the air, and her long flowing hair, crowned with roses, danced in the sunshine. As she came near, she seemed to smile sweetly upon Jack, and at last alighting on a rosebud which grew near, she turned to him, and said in a silvery toned voice, “ If thou art wise, look and learn.”

She waved her wand and Jack saw a magnificent house, in the hall of which he could perceive a crowd of poor people, to whom the master of the house was distributing money, clothes, and food ; there was a lady too, with a baby in her arms. The fairy

again waved her wand, and Jack saw an enormous Giant advance to the door, he was welcomed like the rest, and feasted with all manner of dainties. The fairy waved her wand a third time; all became dark, as if night had set in, and Jack saw the Giant stalk stealthily to the room where his host lay, and with one blow of his club lay him lifeless before him. The fairy waved her wand once more, and Jack saw the lady, whom he now perceived to resemble his own mother, rush out of the house, with her baby in her arms, and run as fast as if her feet were winged, whilst the Giant loaded himself with bags of money, a golden hen, a beautiful harp, and every thing that was valuable, and then set fire to the house.

All vanished: Jack started, and opening his eyes, found that the daylight was nearly gone; he felt stiff and almost famished with

hunger ; looking round the plain he saw a large house as far off as he could see. He crawled on until he came to the door, at which he knocked.

The door was opened by a timid looking woman, who started when she saw him, and cried out, “ Oh, fly, fly, poor boy, before my husband comes back, do you not know that he is a cruel Giant, and that if he find you here, he will eat you up ? Run, child, run quick ! ” and the woman pushed him away gently but earnestly. Jack looked at her with curiosity ; her face was frightfully pale and thin ; her cheekbones projected, while her eyes were sunken and hollow : she stooped, and her head drooped like that of a person who lives in constant fear and dread. Jack shuddered, but there was a kind, pitying look about her, which made him determine not to give up the point.

“ I cannot run away,” said he, “ because I am quite tired out with a long day’s journey, and I have had nothing to eat all day ; pray, pray, good woman, let me in, you may put me anywhere, if you will but give me some supper and a place to sleep in. There is no other house to be seen, and it is almost dark ; pray, good mother, take me in, said Jack taking hold of her gown and looking in her face entreatingly. I cannot go any farther to-night, indeed I cannot.”

The woman, who was very kind hearted, saw how tired Jack looked, and how sore and swollen his feet were, she therefore told him, though very reluctantly, that she would do the best she could for him. She brought him into the kitchen, and set before him on a table some bread and meat, and a fine foaming jug of ale. Jack ate and drank, and soon felt quite refreshed : he watched the woman

who was basting an enormous ox roasting before the fire, and Jack was just thinking what a large appetite the Giant must have, when the woman suddenly stopped and listened; she started, and saying, “My husband! quick, quick; he comes—he comes:” she opened the door of the oven and bid Jack jump in; but before she could shut it close, the knocker fell with a noise that made Jack’s heart leap in his bosom: he could feel the whole house rock as knock succeeded knock—louder and yet louder; for the poor woman could not open the door until she had hastily swept the remains of Jack’s dinner into her apron, and thrown them at the bottom of the cupboard. At last she went, trembling in every limb, to open the door.

“How dost thou dare keep me waiting at the door?” bellowed the Giant in a voice of thunder; “I have a great mind to grind thy

bones to flour! Woman, tell me what mischief thou wast brewing, whilst I was away."

He raised his club to give her a blow, which she avoided by falling suddenly on her knees before him; she escaped the blow, but the wind which it caused threw her prostrate on the floor. She raised herself on her knees again, and with many tears entreated his mercy, saying that she was so busy about his dinner, that she did not think it was time for him to come back.

The Giant listened for an instant, and then snuffing up the air and striking his club with force against the ground, cried out, as he gnashed his teeth, and darted fire from his eyes:

"Snouk but, Snouk ben,
I smell the smell of earthly men."

Jack trembled in his hiding place; his heart

beat so violently that he thought he should be suffocated, as he listened for the poor woman's answer.

“ Oh no,” said the wife, trembling more and more, “ the hide of the ox smells very fresh which I threw out before it was cold.” The Giant was both tired and hungry, so that when he turned to the fire, towards which his wife pointed, and saw the fine fat ox, his passion cooled a little, and he demanded, in an angry voice, what she had got so wonderful for his dinner, to keep him waiting at the door for it. The poor woman, who now began to breathe more freely, answered that she would show him soon. Then she made haste to set before him an immense barrel of strong ale ; he seized it greedily, and putting the bung-hole to his mouth, drained it to the bottom, whilst she placed upon the table a tub of soup. This was followed by eight fine

salmon, which were quickly eaten ; then came an ox, then a sheep, then a sucking pig ; then the wife brought in a fine fat buck. As the Giant stuck his great knife into the white muscle of the haunch, his mouth seemed to water again. There was a basket of loaves, and to crown all a hasty pudding full of plums, and so large was it, that if all the children you know had sat down to it, they could not have finished it at a meal. She then rolled in two more barrels of ale and three of mead, the sight of which so delighted the greedy Giant, that he quite forgot his anger. With eager looks and gaping mouth he swallowed the contents of one dish after another, laughing hideously and crying out, “ Oh, rare wife, what next, what next ? ” until he became so stupified that he could go on no longer. —

When Jack had recovered a little from his





The Giant's Meal

fright, he ventured to open the door of the oven very gently, in order to get a peep at the Giant, but he was very near betraying himself, for he was so terrified, he nearly slammed the door, and could hardly help screaming out. The Giant seemed to him exactly like the one he had seen in his dream. The Giant's enormous head, which was covered with shaggy hair, just like a black bear's, seemed nearly to reach the ceiling; his large eyes were red and swollen with excess, and seemed to shoot forth sparks of fire; his huge mouth was tusked like that of a wild boar, and his teeth grinned fearfully, as he bolted the enormous lumps of flesh which his wife placed before him. His legs were extended so far from him that he did not seem to know where to put them; and when Jack saw him throw back his head and brandish

his great knife as he began to eat, he shut the door, and fairly wished himself at home once more in his mother's cottage.

After the Giant could swallow no more he called out to his wife. "Wife, bring me my hen, that I may amuse myself before I go to sleep."

Jack peeped out again, and saw the wife place a hen—the same he had seen in his dream, on the table ; he noticed that when the Giant said "lay," the hen laid a golden egg. The Giant repeated the word "lay" several times, until he had collected as many eggs as he wanted ; he then called out with such loud merriment, that it made Jack jump even in the oven. "Ah, ah, wasn't it the best day's work I ever did, to knock out the brains of your master, my pretty hen, and get all the good things for myself?"

He soon fell asleep, and Jack who watched

him as he lay snoring and grunting in his chair, pushed open the door of the oven, and creeping out softly seized the hen off the table, and putting it under his arm, opened the door and ran off without disturbing the Giant.

Away ran Jack scouring along the ground, till he came to the Beanstalk ; he was much sooner and easier at the bottom of it now than at its top in the morning ; and running to his mother, he told her all his adventure.

His mother recognised the hen to have belonged to her husband, Jack's father. The hen laid as many golden eggs as Jack liked, and his mother before long had another cow and another house, and every thing which she desired.

But Jack soon got tired of leading so easy a life ; he told his mother that he must go up the Beanstalk once more. His mother tried

before I sleep : I suppose I shall lose them next ; beware if I do !”

The woman flew up the stairs, but returned very slowly with two immense bags, which were so heavy that she could hardly carry them.

Jack peeped out and saw the Giant open one of the bags and roll out upon the table a quantity of silver coins, which he counted twice over, and then putting them back into the bag, he tied it tightly up ; he then emptied the other bag, and Jack saw that these coins were all of gold ; the Giant played with them for some time, and then tying up the bag again, he said exultingly. “ Wasn’t it the best day’s work I ever did, to knock your master’s brains out, and get all the good things for myself ?”

Soon after he fell asleep, and Jack came out softly and seized the bags of money ; but

just as he had got hold of them “bow wow,” barked a little dog belonging to the Giant’s wife, most violently.

Jack felt rooted to the spot : he could move neither hand nor foot. Still the Giant continued snoring. Jack took courage, and putting the bags of money under his arm, opened the door, and ran as fast as he could ; he descended the Beanstalk and was soon at his mother’s door.

His mother was delighted to see him with the bags of money, which she also knew to be her husband’s : but she said, “ Ah, my dear Jack, in what terror I have been all day, for fear I should never see you more !”

They were now quite rich, and could buy whatever they desired, but Jack again became fidgetty and restless, and again he told his mother that he must go up the Beanstalk. His mother’s tears and entreaties had no effect,

and Jack, having first stained his face and hands with walnut juice until they were quite brown, and put on another coloured jacket, climbed up the Beanstalk a third time. -

He knocked at the Giant's door, but had still more trouble than before to persuade the woman to let him in; she said that the Giant had had his money and a favourite hen stolen by some boys whom she had taken compassion on, and that he was so cross and ill-tempered, that she was sure he would kill her if he found her out again. However Jack begged and prayed so much that she at last let him go in, and hid him this time in the copper; the Giant came stalking in as before, and directly he set his foot in the kitchen he sniffed up the air—and looked cunningly about the room saying very slowly,

“Snouk but—Snouk ben,—Snouk-be-e-n,
I smell—I smell the smell of earthly men.”

But his wife said, "It is the young kid which I have been skinning for to-morrow's breakfast." The giant growled fiercely, and taunting her for the loss of his hen and his money, said, "If I lose any thing more, thy life shall pay for it."

When he had finished his dinner he said, "Wife, bring me my harp, that it may play me to sleep." His wife brought a very beautiful harp, which she placed on the table, and to Jack's great astonishment, when the Giant said "play," the harp began to play of itself, the most beautiful music imaginable.

Jack waited until the Giant was fast asleep and snoring loudly, and then crept out of the copper, and taking the harp off the table, he opened the door; but just as he was going to shut it again, the harp, which was itself a fairy, called out "Master! master!"

The Giant started up, but was so stupified

with the quantity of dinner which he had eaten, and the ale and mead which he had drunk, that it was some time before he could understand what was the matter. He tried to run after Jack, but he could not walk straight, so that Jack, who ran very nimbly, got to the top of the Beanstalk first. When he had descended a little way he looked up, and how great was his horror to see the huge hand of the Giant stretched down to seize him by the hair of his head! He was so terrified, that his hair seemed to stiffen and stand upright on his head: he slid and scrambled down the Beanstalk hardly knowing how, and seeing the Giant just putting his feet over the top as if he were coming down too, he called out, "Quick, mother, dear mother! A hatchet, a hatchet!"

His mother heard his voice and ran out directly with a hatchet. Jack seized the

hatchet, and began to chop away at the trunk of the Beanstalk : when he had chopped it quite through, down it fell, bringing along with it the enormous Giant. He fell so heavily that he was killed in the fall, and lay on the ground like some huge mountain. Jack cut off his head.

That night as Jack was asleep in his bed the fairy appeared again, and said : “ Now, my dear Jack, you may take possession of all your father’s property again, as I see that you will make a good use of it, and become a useful and good man. It was I who made the Beanstalk grow to such an astonishing height, in order to see whether you would have the courage to mount it. If you had remained as idle and lazy as you once were, I should not have exerted my power to help you to recover your property, and enable you to take care of your mother in her old age.

I trust that you will make as good a use of it as your father once did : and now farewell."

What became of the Giant's house, or his wife, or the country at the top of the Beanstalk, I have never been able to learn.

The end of Jack and the Beanstalk.





THE HORTON LIBRARY

TRADITIONAL
FAERY TALES

JOSEPH O. CUNNINGHAM